

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

FUN IN A SNOWBANK.
Archer avenue was a perfect harbor of refuge for the flying snow. It covered the car tracks, it blockaded the doors and windows, it heaped up in great banks above the gutters, and it welcomed all the boys in the neighborhood. Baldwin's youngest lad, Arthur, got a crowd together when the men with shovels came along, and he pre-



empted the biggest snowbank. Then he ran a drift into its side and widened it out in a cavern. He and Pat Demarest uncovered an old stove at the junkshop on Archer avenue, and they carried it into their cave. They found a few joints of stovepipes and ran it up through the roof. They split up a store box for kindling, and torched down the Santa Fe tracks for coal. They beguiled Conno, the grocer man, out of apples and potatoes and treated them while Tim Westervelt told stories about things that happened him when he lived in Cohoes.

They had great times there for a week, and then the snow riot came one day, and the tired men of the Chicago City railway loaded the snow into wagons and hauled it away.—Chicago Herald.

The Dwarf Fortune Teller.

A young lady's hands are to be put into a child's socks and little shoes. She is to disguise her face as effectively as possible. A piece of black sticking plaster put over one of the front teeth or over both will aid to do this, and a little face powder on the eyes, with a few lines drawn under the eyes and at the corners of them and the mouth, will prove very effective.

Then she puts on a child's skirt around her neck long enough to reach to her hands, which are disguised as feet, with a shawl to cover the upper part of her waist and a bonnet, cap or hood for her head, and stands in a window where there are draperies or an arched recess or between portieres, and a smaller girl stands behind her and passes her arms in front to supply those of the young lady.

A table is placed in front of them, upon which the young lady rests her hands dressed in shoes.

The little girl behind her supplies, as we have said, arms and hands to the figure, and if well managed when the visitors are summoned "to see the dwarf who tells fortunes" they will be struck by the illusion of the pygmy apparently standing on the table. The dwarf is expected to be funny enough in her fortune telling to make the guests laugh.—Household.

How My Mammy Was Lost.

My mamma and I went to Mr. Wana-maker's store. It's as big as my grandpa's woods, and I was tired. Then mamma put me on a stool and told me to stay there and rest, and she would come back pretty soon. She never got lost before when she left me, but this time she was lost, and I had to find her. There was a big man without any hat on, and I told him my mamma was lost and I was trying to find her.

He took hold of my hand, and he said he would send a man for her. He put me on a high counter, and he said, "This is where they bring everything that is lost, and the man will bring your mamma here."

I liked him, and he gave me some candy and a doll, and I ran up and down on the counter, and I played with my doll. She had a prettier dress than my Edna, but she didn't behave so well.

There were some more men there and some ladies, and they told me stories.

And then I saw my mamma, and she cried and kissed me, and I said: "Don't cry, mamma! I was finding you. Are you so sorry that you were lost?"—Youth's Companion.

Boys, Girls and Curios.

"Oh, look!" laughed Peter Gilligan.
"Don't you know that we can't
Aren't we boys? We'll be
They are meant for girls!"
—New York World.

Bessie's Composition on Sawmills.
Sawmills is very useful. We wouldn't have no sawdust for to stuff our dolls. If I was a doll, I would rather die than to be stuffed with straw. Straw is very tickly-some when you hasn't got anything else on your inside. I know a good deal more about sawmills, but my paper is all gone.—Bessie in Chicago Tribune.

A HEROIC CALIFORNIA WOMAN.
She Braves Dangers From Train Robbers
to Help an Injured Man.

There were some incidents in the recent robbery of the Southern Pacific railroad train near Roscoe, in Los Angeles county, which were not developed in the accounts sent from Los Angeles or in the stories told by passengers. One of the best of these incidents was the bravery of Little Mrs. J. D. Brown of Bakersfield, who ventured out in the darkness when men refused to go and gave aid to the fatally injured fireman, who was jammed under the disabled engine. Mrs. Brown is the wife of a civil engineer who is engaged in supervising large irrigation works in the San Joaquin valley. She had been visiting to Los Angeles, and on leaving her mother in the depot she said laughingly that she proposed to put one of her steppers in her berth so that if the train was held up she could break out the window. An hour afterward she had really figured in one of the most sensational holdups in this state.

Mrs. Brown, when seen a few days ago at her home, disclaimed any special merit in the work that she did on the night of the robbery. She is a fragile little woman, but in her eyes is a light which gives some hint of her nerve. She didn't want to be quoted, but she gave a very amusing account of the scenes that followed the stoppage of the train. It seems that the crew of the derailed engine and baggage car was followed by a multitude of robbers.

The Pullman cars were largely filled with eastern tourists, with a sprinkling of heavy business men of San Francisco. The latter did not show due courage which has been ascribed to the far western man. They were fully as much "rattled" as the downy easterners.

They indulged in foolish speeches, hid their valuables in all sorts of ridiculous places and acted like children. Only one man had a revolver, and he declared he wasn't going out to be filled with lead as Detective Lee Harris had been at one of the train robberies two years before in the San Joaquin valley.

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Another man, who afterward told a story of his great efforts to get out of the refusal of the conductor to allow him to risk his life, really kept very close to his berth and never stuck his head out until the robbers were reported to be gone.

The frightened passengers could see the bandits carrying loads of coal to a wagon, and then, so clear was the moonlight, they saw the robbers drive off.

Even then no one ventured out. In a moment came an understanding knock at the car door and a demand for admittance. Every one fancied that it was a part of the gang which had been detailed to rob the passengers, as this was the last Pullman on the train. Finally Mrs. Brown suggested that it might be one who was wounded and needed aid. So the door was unlocked. She proved to be right. It was one of the bandits, who said the fireman was terribly hurt, and a doctor was wanted. No physician was on the train, but none of the men volunteered to help. Then Mrs. Brown rose up and said she knew something about dressing wounds, and she would willingly do what she could. Only one of the passengers showed any desire to accompany her into the night, which had become very dark, owing to the clouding of the moon.

They found the poor fireman crushed between the engine and tender and calling upon his friends to shoot him and end his misery. No one could extricate him, but Mrs. Brown climbed up on the disabled engine and gave clear directions for applying liniment and benjades to alleviate his suffering. She did everything she could to help the victim, who was afterward taken out of the wreck, only to die a few hours later.

In the half hour that she was on the wrecked engine, Mrs. Brown says, no one came near the place to offer help, except the conductor, the conductor and the one passenger mentioned. The engineer of the first alarm had leaped from the engine and taken refuge in the brush, from which he did not emerge until a relief train arrived from Los Angeles with a force of heavily armed detectives. He could have done more than any one else to ease the flames, as he knew the engine had repeated calls for him brought no response.

When Mrs. Brown went back to the car, she found the ladies in undress garments and the men still greatly agitated and fearful of an alarm. She could not understand their fear any more than she could comprehend that she had done anything calling for commendation.—San Francisco Dispatch.

An Effective Gown.

A gown warranted to bring out the dazzling smile of youthful complexion, the brightness of youthful eyes and to impart an air of dignity to the most youthful wearer is of late yet. The plain skirt has a band of ostrich feather trimming a little above the bottom, and on both sides are narrow rows of jet. The tight fitting bodice has three vandyke points, each outlined with jet and jet trimmed spangles and belt. The cape that is worn with this frock is edged with feather trimming and jet. It is lined with a dazzling changeable silk in which gold and green are the most pronounced colors. The tiny black velvet hat has tips of black, gold and green standing erect in front.—Detroit News.

Suffrage Reminiscences.

The wife of a well-known public man, in putting her name to the petition for woman suffrage that is being round, recalls the first petition of the kind she signed, years and years ago, when she was a young girl. Her mother, who was a firm believer in the cause, had all her children, regardless of their youth or sex, put their signatures to the paper. "We went further than that," she said, "and added the names of the cat and dog, for which we were rebuked with a dignity and swiftness that I shall never forget!"—New York Commercial.



STREET CLOTHES FOR SPRING.

The gown in the center is heliotrope cheviet mottled with green. The sleeves are trimmed with many rows of dark green satins. The waist trimming is of gold colored brocade. The costume on the right is gondorine blue diagonal stripe, strictly tailor made, with an Elton figure. The costume at the left is brown mottled homespun garnished with velvet in a darker shade.

How He Did It.

"Say, mister," said the tattered traveler, "do I have a word with you?"

"You are away from home," said Fred. Van Frizzie. "I shall call the police right away if you do not."

And yet I have moved in the same society with the broughams.

"You don't say so! Heath, poor fellow, is gone to the west. How did you get introduced to them?"

"I just walked into the house when they were having a reception."

"But you said you moved in the same society with the broughams."

"Yes, I hadn't been there more'n two minutes before the footman told me to move and I did it. So long, chappe!"—Washington Star.

All the Comforts of a Country Home.

Friend From the City—I say, Brown, there must be a window open somewhere. I feel an awfully cold draft.

Mr. Brown Stodville—Oh, that's from the furnace—Truth.

The Danbury New-Man's Wife.

Mr. Bailey's wife has a delicious mental flavor. In fact, it is always the sweetest, thoughtful man that enjoys it. It is not in your innate dulness, but a flesh of thought. The humorist says a poor man comes to him, with tears in his eyes one day, asking for help for his destitute and starving children.

"What do you need most?" asked Mr. Bailey.

"Well, we need bread, but if I can't have that I'll take violence."

One day a woman and religious Danbury man hailed a charcoal peddler with the query:

"Have you any charcoal in your wagon?"

"Yes, sir," said the expectant driver, stopping his horses.

"That's right," observed the religious man, with an approving nod, "always tell the truth, and people will respect you."

And then he closed the door just in time to escape a brick hurled by the wicked peddler.

One day I asked Mr. Bailey if they had any men in Connecticut.

"Lucy men!" he exclaimed. "Why we have a man in Danbury so lazy that instead of working, he's got a path to the front gate, and is plowing the lady's soil with the helpers till the neighbors come rushing in to tread down the straw."

Mr. M. Masters was buying a home of Mr. Bailey and asked him if the house was cold in the winter.

"Cold!" said Bailey caustically. "I can't say as to that. It stands outdoors."

Speaking of the Indian raids, says Bailey: "The Modocs have made another raid on our people and murdered them. If ever our government gets hold of these savages, gets them right where they cannot escape, gets them wholly into its clutches, some conqueror will make money."—From "Twenty Years of Wit and Humor."

Two Interpretations.

A young farmer who had been converted at one of the revivals went before the next conference and said for a license to be a preacher. "I know I am born to preach the word," said the applicant, "for I have had three visions, all the same, and it has made a lasting impression on me." "What was your vision?" asked a bishop. "Well, I saw a big, round, blue ring in the sky, and inside, in great gold letters were 'P. C.' It meant 'Preach Christ,' and I want to join the conference." The argument was about the last.

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